

(Ctrl.) Alternate (Del.)

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(Ctrl.) Alternate (Del.)

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Summary

*Hannibal knew, the second the sound of the man's snapping neck reverberated through the dining room, that he had made a terrible mistake. The soft click of Will's wine glass on the table punctuated the thought. The shift in his posture, the glint in his eye, all of it screamed **danger**.*

A follow up to [Control \(Alt. Del.\)](#), set in the same universe. Hannibal makes a mistake and, well, Will can't just let that slide, now can he?

Notes

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Will stood up slowly, and Hannibal took an involuntary step backward, a motion that was not unnoticed by Will. "Clean up your mess, don't be wasteful, then shower and meet me in the bedroom. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Will."

Hannibal worked as quickly as he could, breaking down the body, ensuring they wouldn't need to visit the butcher for quite a while. He mopped, sanitized, and disposed of the evidence before taking a quick and thorough shower. When he finally stepped into the bedroom, Will was shirtless, sitting in the chair by the window with a glass of brandy in his hand.

"Lose the towel," he said in lieu of a greeting, and Hannibal complied. "I'm not going to insult either of us by pretending that what you did tonight was okay in any way. We have two rules, Hannibal. Just two. What are they?"

"Honestly above all else and no killing inside our home."

"Precisely. So, since you broke one of these rules already, I'll ask that you do not break the second. Tell me, Hannibal. *Why?*"

"I-It was-." Hannibal sighed, swallowing his pride and dragging the honesty Will needed from him to the forefront. "It was an impulsive decision brought on by jealousy. I-I'm sorry, Will."

"Fallen victim to your baser emotions. I expected better of you. What, exactly, should we do about that?" The words hung in the air, possibilities endless, before Will smiled and Hannibal's stomach flipped. "I think... We should work on your control."

That was an hour ago.

Over an hour, maybe.

Hannibal isn't sure because his entire body is on fire and the ropes are chafing at his ankles and wrists as they have been since Will had tied him to the bed. The slow, slick slide of Will's hand over his cock was arousing and intense at first, but the cock ring keeping him from finishing made it unbearable. The worst part, though, the absolute *worst* part is the plug that had been inserted inside of him some infinite time ago, set on its lowest setting *right against his prostate*, keeping him in mind-numbing purgatory and he is fairly certain that he is losing his mind.

He's babbling in some combination of languages, unable to stick with any of them, when Will grabs the lubricant again. Will strips off the rest of his clothes and straddles Hannibal's

waist. He pops open the lid of the lubricant, pours some on his fingers, and reaches behind himself.

Hannibal whimpers.

“Oh, no. You don’t get the pleasure of having me fuck you tonight, Hannibal.”

Hannibal tries to lift himself up off the bed, tries to watch as Will works fingers into himself. The movement puts pressure on the plug inside of him and he groans loudly. Will laughs darkly, working himself open more until he’s ready enough to sink down onto Hannibal’s aching cock. The sensation is too much, far too much, and Hannibal feels the tears well up in his eyes and turns his face away from Will.

Will grabs him by the chin and forces him to look up, uses one thumb to wipe away the tears before pushing the digit into Hannibal’s mouth, making him taste himself. He rocks his hips slowly, building a rhythm that is clearly meant to focus on his own pleasure instead of Hannibal’s.

“You aren’t allowed to cum until you get me off, do you understand? If you can manage to not fuck that up, I’ll take the ring off of you. You’ll get to fill me up like I know you love.” Hannibal whines at the mental image and Will tosses his head back to laugh out loud. “So easy. You’re so easy.”

He leans down, still rocking his hips, and whispers in Hannibal’s ear. “Incredibly easy, really. You fell right into your old pattern. Can’t stand to have my attention diverted from you. Can’t stand the idea that you might not be the most interesting person in the room. Tell me, Hannibal. Which part pushed you over? Was it when he told me I had lovely eyes? Or was it when he put his hand on mine?”

Somewhere in the midst of his overloaded brain, Hannibal puts together the words Will is saying with what they actually mean.

“You... wanted me to kill him.”

Will hums in response.

The anger is a slow, steady curl up Hannibal’s spine that blocks out every other sensation. It was a trap, a well laid trap, and Hannibal had fallen right into it. So blind, blind and idiotic and absolutely mad for the man currently tossing his curls back and chuckling as he rides Hannibal’s cock.

“I thought-,” his words choke off with a particularly nice roll of Will’s hips.

“Yes?”

“Honesty,” Hannibal snarls, frustration with himself and with Will running over into his tone. “I thought we were supposed to be honest with one another.”

“Oh, you’re angry, aren’t you?” Hannibal pulls at his restraints harder. “Yes, definitely angry. You see, though, I’m not the one that broke the rules. I never said I wanted to keep him alive.

To be *honest*, I didn't particularly care for him. You're the one who suggested we invite him over for dinner, so blinded by his philosophical diatribes to realize that he was coming onto me. You're losing your edge, Doctor, and I..."

He leans down, wrapping his hand around Hannibal's neck and bringing his lips a breath from the other man's before continuing. "Well, I was curious what would happen."

He picks the pace of his hips, rocking harder, faster. Hannibal fights harder with the restraints, pulling against them, knows he's doing damage to himself at this point, but he doesn't care. He fears that if he doesn't keep fighting, the spark of pride and joy in his chest that Will is still, after all this time, able to surprise him will consume him. He can't give on this ground. He can't. It will ruin him, decimate him, he knows it. He knows it. He knows—.

"*Hannibal*," Will moans, and Hannibal breaks. He thrusts his hips up as much as he can, matching Will's pace, using what leverage he has to push home. Will adjusts ever so slightly, and his breaths take on a new pitch. Hannibal feels him getting tighter, feels the flutter of muscles contracting. Close. So close.

"I want you to ask me nicely for it," Will says, and Hannibal's vision goes red.

Ask? Will wants him to *ask*? After dinner, after the set up, after *everything*, he has the nerve —.

"P-please. Please, Will. Please, may I come?"

The words crawl out of his throat before he can grab them back, and he's ashamed at his own voice. The desperation there is sickening, nauseatingly sweet and pathetic and everything he never wanted to be. This man, this *creature*, turned him into this mewling mess and here he is, begging for release from him.

Will's hips falter in their movement, stuttering and tensing as his orgasm hit him. The sight, the sound, the smell, the feeling... It's all too much for Hannibal who picks up his litany of "*please*" interspersed with Will's name with renewed fervor.

Will pulls up until just the tip of Hannibal's cock is still inside of him and reaches between them. Hannibal feels his fingers on the clasp to the cock ring.

"Is this what you want, Hannibal? Want me to let you come? Want to fill me up, mark me from the inside out as yours?"

"Please, Will... Please..."

"Come for me," Will says while he undoes the clasp and seats himself fully on Hannibal's cock once more.

Hannibal is fairly certain he passes out. He can't breathe, his head is swimming, and he's only dimly aware after who knows how long that Will is asking consent to remove the plug from inside of him. He must nod because the sensation of it being removed makes him sob.

Will leaves briefly to fetch a rag, and it's enough time for the emotions to surface again. The anger, the hurt, the pride, all of it.

Hannibal sees the calculations in Will's gaze as he undoes the restraints. There's a brief moment where Hannibal contemplates killing him, if only to soothe his ego, bruised deeply by this game. He knows, though, that a world without Will is not a world he wants to live in. Knows that, in the morning, he'll laugh it off. It was well played, after all, and he of all people cannot fault someone for being both curious and dramatic.

"I hate you right now," he says.

"No, you really don't," Will replies easily.

"No..." Hannibal sighs and settles into Will's arms, face pressed against his chest. "No, I don't."

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